CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST....BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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Original.

A LETTER FROM

E. CASE, JR., TO REV. AUGUSTUS ABEEL, D. D., PASTOR OF THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH OF GENEVA, N. Y.

"Open rebuke is better than secret love. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."—Prov xxvii. 5,6.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—It is with pain and deep regret that I find myself under the necessity of once more addressing you a friendly epistle, on a subject upon which I hope to find you ultimately not altogether incorrigible. I had hoped, when I addressed you last summer, inviting you to a friendly correspondence upon the subject of Universalism, and rebuking you for so contumaciously asserting things about us, Sabbath after Sabbath, from your pulpit, that I should thenceforth hear no more of your speaking ill of your neighbors. But I am informed that you still persevere in your misrepresentations, and that upon the afternoon or evening of last Sabbath, for the amusement and edification of your people, you again handled the doctrine of Universal Salvation "without mittens," turning it into all sorts of ugly shapes, and saying, under cover of a sort of righteous and godly hatred, a great many hard things about us. I had also hoped if you declined coming out fairly and openly to the contest which I invited, that henceforth you would no longer make the sacred desk a fortification whence to launch forth your Lilliputian arrows against an enemy so often beaten and vanquished as the doctrine of God's free and impartial grace; and that, at least, some mercy would find place in your heart, in harmony with the sacred injunction, "Love your enemies." But I am doomed to disappointment; and since you persist in the error of your ways, must needs, henceforth, so often as I hear of your shortcomings, call you to a sense of your duty by writing you a friendly epistle under the faint hope of opening a fountain of charity in your heart that you may no longer vaunt yourself nor be puffed up, rejoicing not in *iniquity*, but *the truth*; and that you may ultimately be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and henceforth be no more as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

I understand, dear sir, that the principal ground of your charges against our doctrine is its licentious and corrupting tendency. The charge, my dear sir, is without the least foundation in truth, and utterly futile. When men can be persuaded that the weapons with which Sovereign Love conquers a wicked and sinful world, are directed to harden them in profligacy and crime; and when you can successfully controvert the fact that Christ is the Savior of "the world," and not a part of it, it will do for you to make such a charge as the one above mentioned; not before. But I shall not stop to repel the charge by direct and positive argument. I am willing to admit that there are many *professing* the truths that we teach, who are yet the enemies of the truth of Christ, and put him to an open shame in his own household. But I positively deny that it is the result of a doctrine whose letter and spirit are embraced in the heavenly mandate, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven;" and which doctrine never fails to set forth in the strongest terms the fact "that God will by no means clear the guilty," and that "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." I say I shall not repel this charge of corruption and licentiousness, directly. The moral character of the people under my charge, which you are guilty of outrageously slandering every time you repeat the assertion, sufficiently proves it false. It would be too long and tedious a way; I have a shorter method. I intend to leave my own ground for a few moments, and step over into your door-yard to see whether you have swept and garnished your own floor, before finding fault with the uncleanliness of other folks'.

How often, my dear sir, do we not hear the complaint ringing in our ears, "Dr. Abeel says that he has got the most ungodly congregation in the land!" "Mr. Abeel says that some of his church members are the hardest set of christians he ever dealt with!" &c. Now, where so much is said about the wickedness and sinfulness of a people, I cannot persuade myself but that it must have some foundation in truth. I am willing to be as charitable as I possibly can, neither have I any desire to believe or cherish anything that tends to discourage the onward progress of the truth as it is in Jesus. But sir, if it be true that you have frequently made the above declarations, does it not come with an ill grace from you to talk about the corrupting and licentious tendency of other people's doctrines? Surely, if the constant attendance of your people at church, to listen to a doctrine which, as you believe, has a tendency to make them perfect in their manners and morals, affords ground for judging correctly of the nature and tendency of that doctrine, then yours ought to be the best doctrine in the world, and to produce the most pious and happy results. Why then do we hear the cry from the learned pastor of the Dutch Church of Geneva, to whose church crowds of pious and uncommonly righteous people flock every Sabbath, that his people are the most ungodly that he ever dealt with, and that his congregation is the most ungodly in the land? Whose fault, dear sir, is this? I am far from being willing to charge it upon the immoralities and defections of the learned pastor. I know of nothing in all your life's history that would justify such a charge. And though you may deem yourself wholly sanctified and free from every possibility of sinning, yet I must beg leave to think you still are liable to some faults, if not follies; and that you, in common with all men, sin and come short of the glory of God. But still I am unwilling to say your bad example justifies the sentiment of the poet—

"One sickly sheep infects the flock."

The fault then must fall back upon your doctrines; which, for your comfort, sir, will very much relieve your mind and conscience from the fear of any truthful or untruthful allegations. But that you may farther be relieved from any unjust reproaches concerning the truthfulness of your charge of the ungodliness of your people, we will state what is the common report, though we should much regret to see it confirmed as fact,—which is that many of your people are in the habit of attending places of vain and fashionable resort, and the idle recreations and amusements of balls, parties, negro concerts, circuses, &c. These, of course, you believe to be the snares of Satan, by means of which he leads many precious souls astray; and if you really believe your doctrine, you are fully justified in lifting up your voice like a Stentor against them. But it is not always worth while to be too hasty in hurling the mandate of condemnation and wrath against others, until we see that it does not fall too near our own doors,and create an "unquenchable fire" in our own neighborhood. And to this intent I ask if it be true, that the lady of a certain notable and very pious orthodox clergyman of Geneva, did not so far forget the dignity and propriety of her station as to attend one evening during the past summer, to witness the immoral and oftentimes grossly indecent feats and performances of the gymnastic arena? I know not whether this be true or not, and therefore I put it in the form of a question. But, dear sir, if it be true, I am truly sorry. What sir, would you say, if the wife of a Universalist preacher were found visiting such scenes of idle and profligate amusement, and thus offending against good example, and the decorum and morality due to her station, not to say against the purity and holiness of the teachings of Jesus? Would it not be blazed, dear sir,from every partialist pulpit and press in the land, as an evidence in "confirmation, sure as proofs of holy writ," of the corrupting and licentious tendency of the doctrine of Universalism?

I have another charge to make of still higher flagrancy than these, that, sir, of gross profanity among your members; but to spare the feelings of private individuals, I forbear. The simple mention of these things is enough for my purpose.

And now permit me to examine into your creed, confession, and church canons, for a few moments, to see really whether the fault of your church members being so "ungodly," be found there or not. I open your confession of faith, and in Article 14, I read that man "is a being corrupt in all his ways; he hath lost all his excellent gifts which he had received from God, and only retained a few remains thereof;" and that "all the light that is in us is changed into darkness." Article 15, "Original sin is a corruption of the whole nature, an hereditary disease, wherein infants themselves are infected, even in their mother's womb!!!" Now, dear sir, stand up like a man, if you can, and look this horrible and blasphemous *stuff* in the face, and in the light and knowledge, the piety and liberality of the 19th century, dare to take a bold and resolute stand and defend it. Does it not make your cheek burn with shame to be found the avowed advocate of such a doctrine? Does it make your soul sink within you, and your limbs to quake till you become as a dead man? or can you look smilingly up into the face of heaven and charge upon God the sufferance of such a state of things in his creatures? I say charge it upon Heaven, for I find the following in another place in your confession, Article 13, "*Nothing happens in this world without God's appointment*, nevertheless God neither is the author of nor can be charged with the sins which are committed. *He orders and executes his work in the most excellent and just manner*, even when devils and wicked men act unjustly."

This, sir, is a most deplorable account of the condition of our race. And, if it be true, are you astonished that your church members are the most ungodly people in the world? If all the light in them is turned into darkness, and they have wholly lost all their excellent gifts; if they were infected with the inherent disease of a total depravity even while infants yet unborn, in the name of Heaven, sir, do you profess to be astonished, that your people are "the most ungodly" you ever dealt with? It seems to me, that it is but little better than folly on your part for you to make any such professions. Besides, sir, do you not forget that respect that is due your people in making such a charge, not to say that charity that doth not behave itself unseemly, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth?" To me, such conduct seems hardly entitled to the name of common civility, to say the least of it. But further. In Article 16 we find set forth by your doctrine of Election and Reprobation, "We believe that all the posterity of Adam being fallen into perdition and ruin, God did manifest himself such as he is, *merciful and just. Merciful*, since he delivers and preserves from perdition, all whom he in his eternal and unchangeable council, of mere goodness hath elected in Christ Jesus our Lord, *without any respect to their works: just* in leaving others in the fall and perdition wherein they have involved themselves." Now, sir, here is the title of these same "ungodly" church members to heaven and all its joys; the very same that you possess yourself, and equally good in every respect. They have undoubtedly, "by observing in themselves with a spiritual joy and holy pleasure, the infallible fruits of election pointed out in the word of God," (Article 12, Canons,) "attained the assurance of their eternal and unchangeable election." And, sir, you have no right to dispute it; for your own hangs upon the slight self-pleasing thread, spun by your own delusive, presumptuous and sinful imaginations.

"Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things?"

But if you do dispute it, I must cite you to Article 22, where I find the following: "For any to assert that Christ is not sufficient, (through whom and in whom they are elected,) *would be too gross a blasphemy*, for hence it would follow that Christ is but half a Savior." We sincerely hope the learned pastor of the Dutch Church is not a blasphemer. And do not these ungodly elect church members find anything to sustain and confirm them in their course? Most surely the doctrine of election does if anything. They "constantly persist" in the means of grace; notwithstanding their defections and sin, this is all that is required. Your 16th Church Canon infroms them that "if they so persist, they ought not to be alarmed at the mention of reprobation, nor to rank themselves among the reprobate;" and, pious souls! do you not think they have spiritual pride enough to cause them always to remember this pleasing Stand-by-thyself-for-I-am-holier-than-thou-art injunction? Yes indeed, for Art. 21, Can., declares that in the wounds of Christ they find "all manner of consolation."

But again. How do you justify yourself in pronouncing your Church members "ungodly," when you do not suffer your tribulation to work patience? Read the following, Art. 6, Canons: "That some receive the gift of faith from God, and that others do not receive it, proceeds from God's eternal decree, according to which decree he graciously softens the hearts of the elect, and inclines them to believe." Now how do you know if you were to put in practice the Christian virtue of patience, and spare your vituperation, but hat God will in due time, graciously soften the hearts of these un-

godly, yet elect members of your household of faith. Besides, if they are the non-elect, you still ought not to grumble, for the same article informs us that "herein is displayed the *merciful* and *righteous* discrimination of God between men *equally involved in ruin*, which to *holy* and *pious souls affords unspeakable consolation.*"

Once more. You undoubtedly esteem yourself one of the elect. You have observed within a spiritual joy and holy pleasure, "the infallible fruits of election." But Article 7th, of the Canons, informs us, that you "are neither better nor more deserving than others." To desire, then, to convert men to your faith can never be to regenerate them, or make them wiser, better, or happier. You will only be making them like yourself, and you "are neither better nor more deserving than others." What a sad comment this, upon the *perseverance* of the saints! And how bad a man, sir, if this be true, does it not make you out to be. I declare, I do not know but I shall begin to think you are a bad man, and I do not desire to be so painfully disappointed. But according to the above rule, it is as clear as demonstration, you are as bad as the vilest of the vile. And how can you be otherwise, since Art. 9 of the Canons informs us, that your "election is not founded upon any foreseen faith, and the obedience of faith, holiness, or any other good quality or disposition in man, as the pre-requisite cause or condition upon which it depended." If this be true, Heaven save me from being converted into a Dutch *Reformed* (?) Presbyterian!

But why do you wish to deprive God of the beings which his "just judgment," his "merciful and righteous discrimination," "sovereign, most just, irreprehensible and unchangeable good pleasure, hath decreed to leave in the common misery into which they have wilfully plunged themselves; and not to bestow upon them saving faith and the grace of conversion; but permitting them in his just judgment to follow their own ways at last, *for the declaration of his justice* to condemn and punish them forever." Art. 15, Canons. Do you not openly avow that this, "to holy and pious souls, affords the most *unspeakable pleasure?*" Do you not perceive that by making efforts to convert men, you are robbing yourself of one of the "most unspeakable" sources of delight? *the damnation of the sinner!!* And do you not forget that for every soul you convert, you are robbing God of his glory, derived from the sovereign display of his power in vindication of his justice?

How dare you, weak man as you are, array yourself in opposition to the Sovereign and Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe, to thwart his designs? Can you be guilty of a greater and more impious offence? "Who is he that saith and it cometh to pass when the Lord commandeth it not?" Sam. iii. 37. "There is none that can deliver out of his hand. He will work, and who shall turn it back?" Isa. xliii. 13. "His counsel shall stand, he will do all his good pleasure." Isa. xlvi. 9. Besides, how utterly inconsistent for you thus to act, when "the consideration (Article 37, Confession,) that this judgment, justly terrible and dreadful to the wicked and ungodly, is most *desirable* and *comfortable* to the elect.

But, my dear Dr., my letter, I am fearful, will become tedious to you, and weary your sensibilities. If so, forgive me! It has already spun itself out to a greater length than I intended, and I must leave the refined sentiments, and the God-honoring consistencies of your creed for the present, or the printer may get tired as well as you. But still I am not without a good hope that I shall yet, under the grace of God, work the most salutary and benevolent effects upon you. Indeed, it is possible you may become a Universalist. God speed so good a work. Stranger things have happened. My hopes are mightily confirmed in that I am persuaded that you will feel the deepest interest in what I say, for the most of it, undoubtedly, especially the quotations from your creed, confession and canons, will be new to you. I cannot persuade myself, D. D. though you are, that you really know what they contain. Such blasphemous nonsense must make a man of your sensibilities revolt; and, therefore, I choose rather that your creed, confession, &c., may be classed with your Bible, concerning which, and the Orthodox clergy generally, the Orthodox Rev. Charles Beecher truly says: "It has secretly come to pass that the ministry themselves dare not study their Bibles. Large portions thereof are seldom touched. It lies useless lumber; or if they do study and search, *they dare not show their people what they find there.*" This holds true with you and your creed.

And now, dear sir, in taking leave of you, let me admonish you to throw away this abominable and God-dishonoring stuff. Where do you find in the Bible such blasphemous language as I have quoted to you from your Confession and Canons? You know, very well, it cannot be found. Throw away, then, this man-made wisdom. This is the wisdom by which men know not God, and the true cause why your church members are so "ungodly." This is the wisdom that is earthly, sensual and devilish. It makes men neither wiser, happier, nor better. Throw it away! It was concocted at the Synod of Dort nearly three hundred years ago! It is worthy of that barbarous period, and of the dark ages from which it emanated. Throw it away, and embrace the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus! Study your Bible and embrace the "wisdom that is from above, which is first *pure*, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, *full of mercy and good fruits*, without partiality and without hypocrisy." In the hope that this epistle will be kindly received, and studied with a prayerful attention, I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Yours in the faith, E. Case, Jr.

Rev. Augustus Abeel, D. D.

Geneva, Nov. 4. 1848.

P. S.—A word more. Please remember that I shall take you, at present, under my care. And when you cease to say hard things of us, I shall entertain hopeful evidence of your conviction, if not of your conversion. Until which time, as I hear of your deviations from rectitude, I shall continue to address you in that patience and hope that make not ashamed. Respectfully, E. C.

Original.

A DIALOGUE INTENDED FOR WHATEVER MERIDIAN IT WILL SUIT.

BY EVANGELIST.

* * * * * And so you were much pleased with the ministering brother I directed to call on you? Yes, very much so indeed. He preached three times Sunday, and several times through the week, and his sermons were sound, sensible, and calculated to do much good. We are anxious that he should visit us again. There is opportunity for doing a good work in our neighborhood. Well, I am glad to hear this. I have always had a good opinion of Br. ——; I knew he would preach well, and that he is calculated to do much good. But I do not think it likely that he will visit you again very soon. Why not? Because he cannot afford it. He has no income except from his labors as a Missionary, and the trifle he received in your neighborhood for his services, was but little over his traveling expenses. But on the supposition that he receives a trifle over his expenses in each place, he will do pretty well—he will be able to live. Probably so. Suppose, however, Br. Jones, he should travel in a neighborhood where there are no known Universalists, he is anxious to get up meetings, and proclaim the riches of the Redeemer's kingdom. In this

case he may be compelled to do as I have frequently done. First he will put up at a hotel, then hire a room, pay for advertising, purchase lights, make fire if in the winter, ring the bell, do the singing, preaching, &c. &c., and get abused, villified, scorned and treated as "the off-scouring of the earth," for unfolding the Universal and unalterable love of God, without receiving a penny to assist him in his expenses. How will matters stand in the item of living under such circumstances? Oh! well I grant that this would alter the case somewhat. And further, suppose our Missionary to be a married man, there is his family to maintain. Or if he has no wife, there are clothes to purchase, books, paper, letters, &c., to pay for. Well, well—that will do; I see that he should have something more than *we* give him. But then you know that we are not rich. Not rich! Let me see. You are worth yourself $30,000. Br. ——, near you, is worth I presume $15,000. Br ——, living across the river, is worth $5,000; several other friends in the neigh borhood, are either owners of farms or are making a good living otherwise. And yet you will permit a faithful ministering brother to visit you, preach several times in your neighborhood, to good acceptance—give his time, labor, wear of body, of clothes, &c., and only give him a trifle over his expenses, knowing at the same time, that he will go to other places and receive not a penny for his services.

But you will consider that as we have no regular meeting of our own, we hire pews, some in the Presbyterian, others in the Episcopal church, and are taxed pretty well here, so that we cannot afford to contribute so liberally otherwise. And I think, Br. Jones, that you are not taxed one fourth what you should be for your pews in those churches. You must feel quite interested hearing such doctrines preached as total depravity, vicarious atonement, Trinity, endless punishment, with an occasional thrust at your own faith, denouncing it as licentious, infidel, &c. Very pleasant it must be to pay liberally for such things. Quite "dear I think you pay for your whistle;" not however dear enough. Seriously, Br. Jones, how long do you think it would take to spread our views of Christian truth in your neighborhood, by supporting and countenancing doctrines that you believe to be false and injurious, bringing your children up to believe in them, and making comparatively no efforts to have what you deem the true Gospel preached and supported? And again, I understand your wife is much opposed to Universalism. How long do you suppose it will take to give her a favorable opinion of it, if *you* have no respect for it, or at least show no interest in it, and only have preaching once or twice a year? And further, your daughters are growing up under the influence of a belief in the faith that God will torment a portion of mankind eternally. Suppose in a few years, those daughters have their minds prejudiced against your religious opinions, feel it to be wrong to attend a Universalist meeting, or what is worse, a revival takes place, and one of those daughters becomes a raving maniac, and you are compelled to place her in an Asylum with a straight jacket upon her as, your neighbor —— had to do with his daughter?

There, that will do—I see, I see my error. We are evidently acting wrong in this neighborhood. We do not appreciate the worth of the Gospel. I will consult our friends and see what we can do. I have no doubt but that the amount we pay for the support of other churches, would, with a little extra effort, enable us to have preaching one half, or at least one third of the time.

Do your duty, Br. Jones, and my word for it, you will find most of our preachers willing to do their share—willing to labor and suffer reproach, for trusting in the living God, who is the Savior of all men, especially of them that believe.

Newark, N. J.

Original.

STANZAS.

BY THE REV. NELSON BROWN.

"First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too."—SHELLY.

ALL things we love and cherish
Like ourselves must fade and perish;
Death is here, and death is there,
Busy, busy everywhere.

Friends are fading in their bloom,
Hastening to the silent tomb;
Ah, how soon our hopes have fled—
Buried with the loved—but dead.

"Death has set his mark and seal
On all we are, and all we feel;"
It's *love* alone that never dies—
Spark divine, and from the skies.

Pleasure, passion, hope and fear!
Soon they die, or disappear;
Love alone shall live forever;
Fading, dying, fleeing—*never!*

Eden Vale, Nov., 1848.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER.—NO. XXIII.

BERNE, SWITZERLAND,
August 14, 1848.

We rose at four, and, looking out of our window, saw through the thin haze, the top of St. Gothard peering above the clouds, with the soft rays of morning resting on his snow-capped brow. We started, to hail from its summit the rising sun, and tread upon its banks of snow. Half way up we became discouraged, finding it impossible to reach the top, and returned to the Hopital in season to breakfast with our friends. But the view amply repaid our toil. To the south we could look far over the receding hills, down into the plains of Italy. Towards the east the jagged hills reached far off towards the Splugen pass, with the infant Rhine winding down the valley at our feet. To the west was a scene of grandeur unequalled. The tallest of the Oberland Alps stood up before us with their pure snow-white summits glittering in the first rays of the rising sun. On one it looked as if there was a ridge of snow a thousand feet deep. Such a wilderness of mountain splendor I never gazed on before. If Mount Washington and the White Hills could be pushed up four or five thousand feet higher, they would serve to give a miniature idea of the wild scene about us.

We descended, and reached the hotel in season to sit down and relish a fine breakfast of trout with our friends. That over, and a settlement effected with the host, who, by the way, is set down in the guide books as notorious for his 'tricks upon travelers,' we arranged for our journey. The horses were all engaged, and friend H. and myself, with two others, who were to alternate with

their comrades between riding and walking, were doomed to "ride on foot." I bought me a spruce cane, seven feet long, with a long spike in one end, as a reed to lean upon during the long and weary way. Precious stick! it became my main support and dependence in all my wandering over the Alps.

We started. The clouds had passed away and the sun shone clear and hot. On we trudged towards Furca and the glacier of the Rhone, winding up the hills by a single path, amusing ourselves by tumbling stones into the deep vales below. Mid-day approached,—the heat was intolerable till we wound round the side of the mountain, and caught a fresh breeze from the west. The influence was delightful. It renewed our strength and we pushed on. We passed one or two little hamlets, and, last of all, a few cells where the cows and goats, pastured here for three months, are milked, and butter and cheese are made. They were built of loose stone, carelessly thrown together, barely affording a shelter for a dozen persons from the weather. At one we were approaching the summit of the pass. It was my honor to lead the van, and I hurried on. We had, some way back, passed a party which had started more than an hour in advance of us with horses. Some of our cavaliers thought to beat us, but we kept ahead, and the main trial lay between friend W. and myself. We crowded on over the bank of snow and I reached the hut some rods in advance, but faint and weary. An hour's rest, and some bread and milk for refreshment, and we were ready to proceed.

We descended from Furca into the valley of the Rhone. We passed over banks of snow, close beside, or far above which, herds of cows and goats were feeding on a very luxuriant growth of fresh grass. We soon came in full view of the famed Rhone glacier. It was the first we had ever seen, and we gazed upon it in wild astonishment. It was a sight altogether original. We had never conceived a resemblance of it. Ten thousand acres of ice, in some places two or three hundred feet thick, descending down the valley from between two high mountains, the sides and top of which were beautifully green with grass, and covered with flocks guarded by the shepherds. Streams losing themselves on either side and coming out under a lofty archway at the foot—the smooth surface in the valley, with deep fissures penetrating here and there—the broken and pointed pieces of the clearest white, or deepest blue, towards the summit, the resounding cataract on one side, where the Rhone tumbles down a precipice into a deep cavern under the glacier, with stunted pines growing within a few feet of the ice close by—all this who can describe? I cannot. Whoever wants to know what a glacier is, must come and see one, for how can they imagine the rapids above Niagara Falls to be congealed into ice and left standing in a valley surrounded by green hills, and amid growing fields of grain?

After a little rest we started up the Grimsel pass by the steepest foot-path we ever attempted to ascend. We had already made a long day's journey, and now to ascend this monstrous mountain was exceedingly forbidding. All but myself had been relieved by a ride. Friends W. and H. outstripped me in the first of the ascent. Near the top we entered the region of clouds, and lost all sight of objects, except those nearest at hand. They became confused as to the way and waited for me to come up, calling aloud to make their whereabouts known; for to be lost in this most inhospitable region was no pleasant prospect. After looking about we fell upon the path and descended into a most lonely and desolate valley to the Hospice. It would have been an amusing scene to have seen an Orthodox clergyman and myself running, leaping, and tumbling down the mountain, sometimes in the path, but oftener out of it, taking a straight line, where we could, across the zigzag route, to shorten the distance. The race was well run, and the honors nearly equal, though orthodoxy was a few rods in the rear.

We entered the Hospice, a gray old stone building, and arranged for the entertainment of our party, which, with one or two other parties, came up in the course of an hour. A very fine *table d'hote* was served at eight, which was well relished after the fatigues of the day, and the blazing fire was not uncomfortable. Our rest, that night, was sweet, having traveled over forty miles. We arose at four, and a good bath in the stream which issued from the glacier close by, was very refreshing, and I felt ready for the work before me.

The morning was clear and beautiful and the scenery awfully wild, and sublimely grand. Completely hemmed in by snowy mountains, some of them (the Sidelhorn) among the loftiest of the range; a solitary dwelling beside a little pond, with two hundred goats and several cows standing about, with distended udders, waiting to be milked; the voices of the shepherds echoed back from the mountains, as they sung their Tyrolese airs in a tone of voice nowhere else to be heard; the cheery chatter of guides, drivers, and waiters, all conspired to present a scene truly novel and romantic.

An inscription in the Hospice informs the traveler that in 1779 a patrol of the Austrian army lodged here, and to prevent themselves from freezing, burned all the wood-work of the building; that the commoners of the valley of Hasli restored it at their own expense. The building and lands are rented, and the tenant is required to keep all indigent wayfarers gratuitously, but is permitted to collect contributions for that purpose in any part of the country. When he quits the Grimsel on St. Andrew's day, (Nov. 30,) he leaves the Hospice open with a quantity of provision for such as may pass that way after that time.

At eight we were on our route, winding down the giddy path which hangs along the valley of the Aar. We had a fine view of the glacier of Ober Aar and l'Augille de Zinkenstock. Two hours brought us to Handeck, where we refreshed with bread, cream, milk, and honey, bought some toys and went to see the celebrated waterfall, one of the grandest in Switzerland. Standing upon a rude bridge over the Aar, the spectator sees that stream precipitated, in a mass of foam, down a precipice, hemmed in on all sides, near two hundred feet; while another stream, of nearly equal magnitude, rushes from his left and meets it laterally about one third of the way down the terrific abyss. Seen from above or below the cascade is exceedingly grand, reminding one of Niagara, as a picture of the Alps does of the grandeur of those mountains.

We trudged on, and in two hours more came out into the sweet secluded vale of Hasli um Grund, which is completely hedged about by rugged mountains, there being no passage out without climbing the Kirchet, a most forbidding task, when one's locomotive power refuses to obey the will. But a short hour's rest put us on our way, and we ascended out of this lovely valley, and descended into the still more beautiful valley of Meyringen. Here it had been arranged to tarry, but some of our party mutinied and resolved to go on, and our two orthodox clergymen were parted asunder. With regrets both for those who staid behind and for our poor weary legs, the best and only pair we had, which had conveyed us, without much complaint, seventy miles in two days over those steep, rough, roadless passes, we concluded to follow on. We ought to stop long enough to say that there are many interesting objects in this vale. The old church with a black line drawn around it to show the point to which the torrent from the Hasliberg once filled it; the old belfry tower standing at some dis-

tance from the Church, once a fortification; the ruins of the castle of Resti, supposed to have been built by the Swedes who settled in this valley, according to an old Hasli song; the good hotels, and water-cure establishment; and, above all, the noted falls of the Reichenback, which we passed as we ascended on our way to Rosenlaurie, where we tarried over night.

Part way up the mountain we passed some huts where some chamois were kept for exhibition, beautiful little animals, somewhat after the pattern of the finest young goats. In a field close by two men were attired for wrestling, the favorite sport of this region. A garment of stout cloth is girded about the loins and thighs, which is seized by the right hand while the left arm is grasped about the neck. Thus yoked they *go at it*, each laboring with all his might to get the other prostrate on the ground, and thus win laurels of fame. In this case neither fell till our party made a move to leave the field of glory, perceiving which, one came to the ground in time enough for the other to demand golden bounty in in the shape of a few batz.

The scenery becomes suddenly very wild and romantic, following up the little valley to the foot of the glacier of Rosenlaurie, said to be the purest white in all the Oberland. Here we laid our weary limbs and sought from "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," the refreshment we needed. Oh, rest is delightful to a weary man! Let the restless, nervous, fidgety dyspeptics of our cities, who cannot rest nights, take this long cane and travel among these mighty works of God, and, my word for it, they will never again ask the doctor for opiates, nor complain of sleepless nights.

11th.—A bath at daylight, in the *cool* ice-water that came out from the glacier a few rods above, put us (me) in excellent trim for the labor of the day. We were far up towards the top of Scheideck, before the youngest rays of the sun lit on the scrubby pines which were scattered along our route. Another half hour, and we were at the lodge on the summit, with a cup of milk for our bitters. The view from this point is grand beyond all conception. Close to us on the left, rises, almost perpendicularly, to the height of 5,000 feet above us, the Wetterhorn; just beyond it is the Schreckhorn, with a glacier coming down between them. Then comes the Mettenburg, a twin brother of the Schreckhorn, the lower glacier, and beyond them the Eiger, with the Wengern Alp, which bounds the Grindenwald valley, with a gentle slope from the north crowned by the towering Faulhorn in the rear. A sweeter valley with a grander margin, no human eye ever rested on. The whole vale, and far up the sides, is dotted all over with the beautiful chalets peculiar to the canton of Berne. Every thing indicates peace, plenty, and equality, managed with neatness and good taste. A lovelier spot I never saw. Here are the loftiest snow mountains and the everlasting ices penetrating into the valley amid rich and productive fields of grain and grass, within five rods of which the peasants are gathering their crops, and the children picking fruits. Here are the most romantic dwellings ever constructed for comfort and beauty, and every appearance of unity and social equality. A fairer spot of earth can scarcely be imagined.

As we descended into this beautiful and picturesque valley we were startled at a rumbling sound like distant thunder. No clouds were in sight and we could not, at first, account for the strange phenomenon. Soon an old man blew his alpine horn, and echo answered echo in five or six distinct and softened musical accents. Then another crash of the pealing thunder. Then the enchanting sound of the winding horn. We felt strangely happy. This vale must be enchanted. Then he fired a cannon, and the cracking, booming sound went echoing from crag to crag, and died away along the glittering glacier. Then another peal from the undiscovered thunder. We grew wild, almost frenzied, with eyes and ears so filled with the sublimest and awfulest grandeur. We were entranced. Our poor brain whirled in giddy amazement. The old man ceased to wake the musical echoes of the mountain caves, and explained to us that the imitation-thunder was the resounding crash of the avalanches of snow and ice. Our reason returned to us, and we passed on, stopping at the upper glacier to see the strange blending of eternal ice with the liveliest verdure, with scarce a line to separate them, and at the village to refresh our humanity with most excellent bread and the very nicest butter and honey, in which, by the way, all Switzerland abounds.

Thus refreshed, we continued our journey, and by a very rapid and weary ascent we reached the summit of the Wengern Alp in front of the great Eiger at 1 o'clock. On our way we were beset by some Cretans, who came to beg a few batz, and saw several goitered persons who were at work. We also passed several shanties where refreshments of bread, butter, cheese, strawberries, cream, and sugar were temptingly displayed. At one of these resting places, there were two young women making the wide black lace which is worn upon the caps which adorn the heads of women in this region. It is woven upon an oval cushioned board held on the lap, with innumerable pins stuck in to form the meshes, and as many bobbins on which the threads are wound. They ceased their work and sung us several Swiss songs, one accompanying their voices with a dulcimer of the rudest construction.

From the top of the Wengern Alp we gazed back upon the enchanting valley of Grindenwald. Before us lay a scene still more grand than any thing we had seen, not so wild and terrrific, but far more sublime and overpowering. Behind us lay a gently ascending eminence, carpeted with a green turf to the very summit. Close in front of us was spread out a lovely lawn on which we counted 274 cows feeding, with bells tinkling at their necks. At the left stood up the great Eiger, with a cloud girt about it, near half way up to its summit, though all the horizon elsewhere was perfectly clear. A little farther along is the Monck, another peak of the same pile; then comes the mighty Jungfrau, the tallest of the groupe, whose name indicates that its virgin snows have never been tarnished by human foot. Here is the crowning magnificence, the loftiest display of the Oberland Alps, thought to be the grandest scenery in Switzerland.

We rested here for a long hour to gaze at the wonders of the scene. The thundering report of avalanches had all day resounded in our ears; but we supposed them all on the other side of the mountains. "There, see that waterfall there," I shouted, pointing to the glacier before us. Before they could see it, the crash of the avalanche, echoing along the mountains, reached us. We now set ourselves to watch for another. We did not wait long before we saw a vast field of ice and snow start down the fearful precipice, to be dashed into the minutest atoms, and pour its stream along the chasm to the deep vale beneath. A crash equal to the loudest thunder accompanied the fall, and reverberated from mount to mount, much like the rumbling, sullen echoes of the wasting thunder

as it leaps from cloud to cloud and dies along its course.

We were satisfied. Nothing could surpass the awful grandeur of that moment. We passed on. A few rude cottages are scattered along the mountain sides inhabited by a hardy race who generally know little of the world beyond the sphere of their natural vision. Many rarely descend into the valley so far as Interlachen. They are content to spend their days in tending their flocks, tilling the small patches of arable earth, and hunting the wild chamois among the loftiest crags of the mountains. They are an honest, simple-hearted race, who *may* be happy in their way, but can never be *honorable* so long as they compel their women to endure the severest fatigues of the field carrying burdens of hay and grain upon their backs, in the place of horses and oxen, of which they have none.

An hour and a half brought us, by a most frightful path, but thoroughly trod by the numerous inhabitants of the mountains, into the narrow, romantic vale of Lauterbrunen, where we met the friends we left at Merringen. A visit to the Staubbach, or *dust* fall, where a small stream, at a single leap, comes down from the top of a perpendicular rock several hundred feet high; and a hasty look at the fine specimens of tay-work, so common and so elegant in this country, we were prepared to ride six miles, to this sweet and beautiful village, where we now rest over the Sabbath, at the Hotel, Young Frau. W. S. B.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

By an arrangement recently made, the "Magazine and Advocate," published at Utica, will be removed to this city on the 1st of January next, and united with this paper. The propriety, as well as the advantages of this measure, are too obvious to need discussion. There has long been a growing conviction that we have too many denominational papers in this State, if not for the good of the cause, at least for the good of the publishers. As a consequence of this state of things, patronage has been so much divided that but a meagre support has been accorded to each, and where such is the case, but a meagre paper could be afforded. There is not, with barely one exception, a single denominational journal that, to our knowledge, has ever afforded more than a living profit, while most of them have been attended with heavy sacrifices on the part of the publishers. Editors cannot be expected, more than other men, to thrive on unrequited toil, nor can such a course stimulate them to very vigorous intellectual efforts, however much of disinterestedness some may profess. The history of the various abortive experiments to establish a journal of this kind, on mere local feeling and interests, presents a melancholy chapter of losses, sufferings, and embarrassments on the part of the projectors, and it is hoped that the lesson it conveys will not be lost upon others.

Under the new arrangement we shall not only retain all of our present able list of contributors and correspondents, but shall add a host of others, of high repute as authors and writers, among whom we may name Rev. S. R. Smith of Buffalo, Rev. J. M. Austin of Auburn, and Rev. G. W. Montgomery of Rochester. Rev. Dolphus Skinner of Utica, at present editor of the "Magazine and Advocate," will become associate editor of the Messenger. We are fully determined that no pains shall be spared on our part to render our paper more worthy the position it occupies, and the great and glorious cause to which it is devoted, and it rests with the friends of our cause to say whether these exertions shall be met in a corresponding spirit of liberality.

"The Empire City" of the "Empire State" ought to have the best Religious paper, and the best supported, of any in the world, and it shall not be our fault if it is not speedily done.

CREED-MAKING.

There has been no small clamor of late, by certain persons, about creed-making among Universalists. It is said, that we have abandoned the broad Protestant platform on which we have stood, and engaged in the work of forging fetters for the free mind, and are now quite as bigoted and exclusive as the orthodox. This cry has been kept up so long, and so many have joined in uttering it, that some, who still believe in Christianity, really think that it is true, and that we are chargeable with a gross inconsistency. By a reference to our history and our present position, it will be seen, that we have neither gone back nor deserted the broad platform of true Protestantism.

In the year 1803, at the session of the General Convention of Universalists, held in Winchester, N. H., the following articles of faith were adopted:

PROFESSION OF BELIEF.

"1. We believe, that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind.

"2. We believe there is one God, whose nature is love; revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

"3. We believe, that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected; and that believers ought to maintain order, and practise good works, for these things are good and profitable unto men."

Here then, nearly fifty years ago, our denomination, at a meeting of its General Convention, did adopt articles of belief. And these articles go farther, much farther, than any of our Conventions have gone, in their recent action against the rationalists, who have sought to entice people from the Gospel of Christ.—They not only require faith in the Bible as containing a revelation from God; but they give a general idea of the doctrines and duties which that revelation enforces. Now nothing of this kind has been done, in the recent action of our denomination. The New York Association does not define what the Bible teaches. It does not *interpret*; but simply asks that it shall be received as containing a special and sufficient revelation. Thus it is truly Protestant. It asks no man to believe in any particular interpretation of the Bible, but simply to receive it as containing what God has given as our guide in matters of faith and practice. And yet, it is said, the Association has made a creed; that it has forged a fetter! that it has done a thing unheard of among Universalists! that it has made a test! We grant that it has a test, and so has our order always had one. But the test of the New York Association is not a human creed. Its test is Christianity as revealed in the New Testament. That is all. A test then is not a new thing among us; and those who

say it is, say that which is not true. In adopting this test, we have not gone back, for we have merely reasserted what our fathers expressed almost fifty years ago. Our test is not a human creed, but the creed which God himself furnished.

Br. Sawyer, in a very able article on this subject, in reply to Br. A. B. Grosh, who has charged our denomination with creed-making and going back, says:

"Mr. Grosh charges the Universalists with another inconsistency. Not only, according to his showing, have they receded from their former position on the subject of miracles, inspiration, etc., but to this they have added a still more heinous sin—that of demanding *subscription to a creed*. After warring against creeds during three quarters of a century they now begin to impose one themselves! But what are the facts on which this broad charge is so confidently made? Simply these: The N. York Association requires all ministers, on entering into its fellowship, to subscribe a declaration to the effect that they believe the Bible contains a special revelation from God, and is a sufficient rule of faith and practice; and the Boston Association expressed its solemn conviction that to be a minister of the gospel one should believe the New Testament account of the life, miracles, teachings, &c. of Jesus Christ. And this, according to Mr. Grosh, is imposing subscription to a *creed!*—I confess I am ashamed of this. It is too puerile, too ridiculous to merit any other reply than silence. Nor would I even now have alluded to the subject, had not Mr. Grosh studiously kept the facts out of sight, and launched out into mere decla ation on *subscription to creeds*.

In the first place I would suggest to Mr. Grosh that professing faith in the Bible has not generally been called subscribing, or even receiving, a creed. If it were so, all Christians would of necessity be guilty of such subscription: for say what we may, think as we may, there is no Christianity now, there never has been, except that of the Bible. Nor do Universalists now require any more of individuals entering the is try than they have always done. They have always required faith in the Scriptures. They have always by word and deed, in public and private, recognized the Scriptures as authoritative and infallible in matters of faith and practice. They have always regarded them as the final umpire in religious controversy. In granting letters of fellowship they have always presumed, either upon actual examination or reliable testimony, that the candidate was a sincere believer in the truth and authority of the Scriptures, and where grounds existed to doubt this, letters have been denied. In conferring ordination the volume of the Holy Scriptures has always been presented to the candidate, and a solemn charge delivered him to study it, and to preach its doctrines; to make it the man of his counsel and the lamp of his path; in one word, to go to it constantly to learn the truth which he was to preach, and to imbibe the spirit in which that truth was to be inculcated. I know of no men among us who have been long in the ministry without ordination, and I never saw one ordained, or heard of one's being ordained, without such a charge. I have also myself received many Christians into the church, and never received one but upon his profession of faith in the Bible as the treasure house of our holy religion, 'the only and sufficient rule of faith and practice.' And now for the first time in my life do I hear that this profession is virtually a subscription to a creed, and, as Mr. Grosh will have it, a 'man-made creed!' Were he not obviously in earnest, I should think him jesting; for I have too much respect for his understanding to suppose that he could pretend that merely *subscribing* a declaration of faith in the Bible, differs in any degree from professing it with the mouth, or even acting or being in circumstances which clearly imply it. When Mr. Grosh himself was ordained, as I presume him to have been, he virtually subscribed a creed, as really as any brother is now required to do in the N. York Association. And he knew at the time that he was doing so, and even now he is no longer a Universalist minister, unless he holds that profession sacred."

We have then, it will be seen, made no creed. The Bible is our creed. We have not departed from Protestant ground. We have not gone back. He must indeed be a curious Christian who denies that the Bible contains a special and sufficient revelation. O. A. S.

ORTHODOX TREATMENT.

There seems to be a constant and wilful determination on the the part of the Orthodox to misrepresent and vilify the sentiments of Universalists. Scarce a paper is published which does not contain an abusive article against us. And yet there is no manliness, no high sense of moral justice, but a nasty, sneaking attempt to prejudice the public mind against us. It may do for those pious men who claim exclusive sanctification, to lie and deceive and slander, but they will, some day, find that the judgments of God are for the whole earth, and that they cannot escape them. It is difficult to conceive a more depraved condition of the heart than they exhibit by their unchristian conduct. How can they escape the judgment of Heaven, when guilty of abusing and slandering a class of Christians more honest and sincere than themselves?

Universalists may have been guilty of severity towards the Orthodox, but they never misstated their doctrines—there is no need of it, for they appear worst when seen in their truest character. They have never resorted to a low and grovelling method of opposition. What they have said and done, has been in an open, honorable, and manly way, to expose and correct what they have deemed error, and for the good of those deceived by it. We have always been willing to meet our limitarian brethren in a Christian spirit to compare our doctrines, and try them by the test of the Holy Word. We have been willing to meet as Christians and friends, leaving doctrines out of the question, to co-operate with them in all the movements on which we could unite. But we have been refused by their leaders, in all cases where it was possible to avoid us, and when compelled by circumstances to come into contact with us, they always assume a *hauteur* very unbecoming those who profess the humility of Christians.

We are sorry to say these things, and should not, but for the hope, that by reminding them of their sins, and showing them in what estimation their conduct is held, they may learn to correct their manners, and act more in accordance with the spirit of the religion they profess. W. S. B.

WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

The name of the "Western Universalist" has been changed as above, and the form from quarto to folio, at the commencement of a new volume. In its present shape it makes a very respectable appearance, and is edited with much ability by Rev. Erastus Manford. The "Olive Branch" is an able and faithful co-worker in the cause of a world's redemption, and we wish it abundant success in its warfare against skepticism and partialism, twin enemies of our faith. It is now issued weekly instead of seme-monthly as heretofore at $1 00 per. annum.

Imprisonment for Debt, where the sum is not above ten pound has been abolished in Ireland.

SOOFFEEISM IN PERSIA.

We have been much interested in the following account of a sect called *Sooffees* which exists in Persia, as given by Rev. H. Southgate, now Episcopal Bishop of Constantinople, in his travels in that country. It is interesting inasmuch as it shows a phase of human mind, not much dissimilar to what has appeared at different times, and even among Christians. There are yet to be learned many valuable facts concerning the ways in which God is teaching the great family to know him, and their relations and duties.

The general ideas of the Sooffees (he says) respecting God are very similar to those of the Pythagorean philosophy. The radical principle of their system is the doctrine of the manifestation of the infinite in the finite, and the differences which are observable among their doctors are chiefly different explanations of the mode of this manifestation. Thus according to the theory of one or another of these teachers, the infinite is expressed in the finite as a reflection from a mirrror—or it is diffused through it as a higher life—or it is transferred to it as when each individual soul is supposed to be a particle from the Divine Essence. In all these the generic idea is still retained. Deity is in some way manifested in humanity, and the principal question is as to the mode of the manifestation.

The common belief of the Sooffee is that every man is an incarnation of Deity, or that at least all are partakers of the divine principle. This idea may be traced in their writings and runs through all their sects. It tends to liberality, because a Sooffee regards every human being as a representative of Deity. "I hold," said one of them when rebuked for his intimacy with Christians, "that all men are of God. I regard none as unclean." Among some, this doctrine (the writer says) has a tendency to a laxness of morals, while in others it assumes an entirely different aspect. Regarding themselves as the offspring of God, they insist upon the possibility and duty of re-uniting ourselves to the Divine Essence from which we have sprung. The great means to this end is to abstract the soul from worldly things, and to absorb it in divine contemplation. This in their view takes the place of external worship, which they contemn as subjecting the soul to the bondage of arbitrary forms. They discourse largely and eloquently on the *love of God*, the *dignity of virtue*, and the divine pleasures of a *union with the Deity*. The *Mesnevi*, their principal book, is full of the most impassioned sentiments of this kind in no way inferior to the spiritual reveries of Christian recluses.

It is impossible to state the number of those who cherish the tenets of Sooffeeism. For the most part they do not appear as open sectarians, although they are to be found in every part of the empire, have their acknowledged head at Shiraz and their chief men in all the principal cities.

OUR CAUSE IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

From a letter from Br. I. D. Williamson, we extract the following intelligence respecting himself, and the state of our cause in Charleston:—

"I am happy to say that I am, in some respects, much better within a week past, which partially, perhaps, may be fairly attributed to the warm, spring-like weather with which we have been favored. I have no asthma. The difficulty in my throat does not trouble me much, and my voice is greatly improved."

"The friends, here, hold on to me with both hands, and every one wishes me to have his particular Doctor, and is sure *he* would cure me. Our little church is full, and probably would be if it were twice as large, and altogether the prospects of our blessed cause are flattering. To leave them destitute would injure and discourage the friends much. Under these circumstances I do not wish to leave for a time yet, unless it shall be necessary."

PITIFUL EXHIBITION OF BIGOTRY.

We do not recollect to have met with a more pitiful exhibition of narrow-mindedness, bigotry and illiberality than is related and commented on in the following letter. We had hoped for the honor of humanity, that the "blue lights" had nearly faded ou in Connecticut, but from the course pursued by the dignified Moderator of the school meeting at Bridgeport, it would seem that there are some hearts left, in which that "strange fire" burns as hotly as ever. It is well that such men have not the power to make laws for us, otherwise we poor heretics should have to pay dearly for wearing our heads, if indeed we were permitted to wear them at all. We extract from the Republican Farmer, published at Bridgeport:

CITIZENS OF BRIDGEPORT:—With the permission of the editor I wish to call your attention to a very unpleasant incident th recently occurred, and one that I am unwilling should pass without further notice. Some of you, doubtless, are acquainted with the circumstances to which I refer, but I could wish to have them known to you all. Simple justice to a large class of individuals, who feel aggrieved by them, seems to demand that you should give them a respectful consideration.

The facts of the case, so far as I can learn them,—and, if I have mistaken any of the particulars, I would gladly be corrected—are briefly these. The recent annual meeting of our School Society, for the choice of officers, was attended by but a very few individuals. During the election of its committee, and after some six or eight had been appointed, my name was proposed, and the nomination seconded. The chairman, a member of one of th most popular churches, remarked that he could not *conscientious y* put the motion. Some little debate followed, in which sever al joined; two or three maintaining that, as the motion was fair ly before the meeting, it must be determined by a regular vote and the remainder claiming that it should be thrust aside in vio lation of all right as well as order. The chairman persisted in re fusing to put the motion, urging *conscientious* scruples as the only reason. And, it should be remarked here, that no one hinted any other reason. Had it been suggested that I was wanting in any of the necessary literary qualifications, or that my standing and reputation, morally, was such as to render me an improper candidate, the case would have been widely different But I believe no allusions of this kind were hazarded. The *consciences* of some of the members of the meeting, alone stood in the way. The chairman was reminded that he had no business with any questions of this kind, while acting in his official capacity, and that if he could not discharge a plain and obvious duty, he should vacate his chair and allow some one to be appointed who would. In despite of all, however, the motion was cast out, untried; a second nomination was made, put, and carried, and the committee filled up!

I beg you to believe, that so far as I am personally concerned such treatment is regarded of very little importance. But there are *principles* involved here that are of no small magnitude. Why was this illegal and personally unjust course pursued? Plainly, because of my peculiar religious opinions! Nothing else. One of our most respectable citizens, not a member of the denomination with which the writer is connected, had the moral courage and manliness to so state it at the time. He spoke out plainly, and evidently with feelings of regret, the fact which really influenced the opposing members, and which they seemed ashamed to confess so openly. It was that I was a Universalist. This constituted the whole difficulty. It awoke the *conscientious* scruples of the chairman and his friends. Their consciences, it would seem, did not prevent them from committing an act that was plainly *illegal* as well as *unjust*, while they shrank from an ex-

pression of the most ordinary courtesy towards one whose only offence consisted in honestly entertaining his own peculiar religious opinions!

Do the good citizens of Bridgeport generally approve such proceedings? Will they feel that the writer and his friends have been properly treated—treated as one body of Christians ought to treat another? I cannot believe it. The writer came among you recently, almost a stranger from a place where al the various Christian sects were accustomed to practice mutua charity and to extend to each other the common courtesies of society. Quite a large number of your body, embracing some very respectable men, support him as a teacher of the gospel. Have we not claims on your candor, your sense of common justice? Are we not entitled to more respectful treatment than we have received from the late action of the School Society?

Even if you suppose us in error, will unkind usage enlighten us much? Is it the most hopeful method of winning us to the truth? Is not the unbroken experience of a thousand years, sufficient to assure us of the folly, not to say wickedness of attempting *persecution* as a remedy for *heresy*?

Not to tax the kindness of the editor further, I would submit the whole matter to your careful consideration.

Respectfully yours, MOSES BALLOU.

Bridgeport Oct. 24th. 1848.

PROVISION FOR THE POOR.

We publish this week a communication from our friend Mr. Townsend, who is everywhere known to be an advocate of peace, and a friend to the poor. His plan, though not novel, is excellent, for the great object in making provision for the indigent is not merely to supply their wants of to-day, but to teach them how to *provide for themselves* through life, and to help them to the means to do so. With the immense regions of excellent lands, wholly unoccupied, it seems wrong that multitudes of able-bodied men and women, young and old, should be idle about our cities for the want of something to do, and that our citizens should be severely taxed to maintain them in indolence. Our poor-houses, like those in England, are little more than nurseries of idleness and vice. We call not that man charitable to the poor who gives much, unless he gives judiciously. We would ask our readers who feel an interest in these matters—and who does not?—to peruse the article referred to and think over the subject. We are satisfied it can and should be done.

OPPOSITION TO UNIVERSALISM.

The opposition to Universalism is unaccountable. Good men cannot object to it, and wicked men, when they come to understand it, must see that it presents the only method of salvation—the free grace of God. Good men hope it is true, and pray, and do all in their power to have it so. They cannot be sincerely opposed to it. The wicked know nothing about it, they do not believe it, and until they do, they should not oppose it—they should be silent. No man can be so selfish, so exclusive, as to be opposed to it, or as to wish to have all heaven to himself and friends, while there is room enough for all.

Nobody wants endless misery to be true, unless it be devils and men as wicked as they. And what is more, the firmest believer in that terrible doctrine would not dare assume the responsibility of sealing the doom of a single soul for such a state of infinite misery. They would be fearful of endangering their own salvation by such an act. How then dare they entertain such a thounght of God, that he will consign myriads without number to such a condition, when a simple act of his will could turn them all, in a moment, into the way of life, and secure them to the eternal praise of his glory? W. S. B.

FAIR AND FESTIVAL IN BRIDGEPORT.

Our friends in this city will hold a Fair and Festival, to open on the 20th inst. and close on the 21st. Preparations are making for a most interesting exhibition, and we assure the public at home and abroad, with the greatest confidence, that they will find it deserving of their attention and patronage. The Ladies have been indefatigable in getting up all manner of curious "fixins," and a single glance at their collection of elegant, fanciful, and useful articles would almost induce one to challenge competition in their behalf!

In addition to all the ordinary attractions of such an occasion, we shall have for exhibition, through the generous liberality of P. T. Barnum, Esq., a splendid collection of curiosities; among which are, two large and very magnificent paintings: "The Deluge," and "Cain and his Family,"—painted expressly for Mr. B., and never before exhibited in this country. An admirable representation of the crucifixion, in wax; the head of John the Baptist, &c. Also, a briilliant series of "Dissolving views," representing a variety of scenes connected with Scripture history in Petrea, Palestine, and the Holy Land, &c. Altogether, we promise a rich treat to all who are disposed to visit us on that occasion. Every thing connected with the sale of articles, &c., will be conducted according to fair business rules. Come and see! M. BALLOU.

Bridgeport, Dec. 7, 1848.

It will be perceived from the above notice, that our friends in Bridgeport, propose to give a grand entertainment on the 20th and 21st inst. Already we understand they have provided attractions and curiosities that rival any Museum in the country, and among other objects of interest and value, a beautiful and highly valuable collection of marble and alabaster vases and statues, imported from Florence, will be for sale at the Fair, and if not sold, will be otherwise disposed of. We have no doubt from what we have learned concerning the arrangements, that this will be one of the most magnificent affairs of the kind that has taken place either in the city or country, and we advise all who desire to participate in a movement which will benefit our cause, while an ample return is made for their contributions, to avail themselves of this opportunity.

SCARCITY OF MONEY.

From notices that have appeared in various papers of late we are inclined to the opinion that there is a great scarcity of money, at least with the editors and publishers of newspapers, a class of men with whom such a condition of things is generally no novelty. The "Trumpet" and "Star in the West," we perceive, are inclined to impute this trouble to the political excitement that has recently agitated the country. We hope there is no worse cause, for then we may hope for a speedy relief now the election is over, and *is supposed* to have resulted favorably to the permanent prosperity of the country. At any rate, no one should neglect to pay for his newspaper; and there is no better time for doing that than just at the commencement of a New Year. No person should allow the New Year to commence with the burden upon his conscience that he has not paid for his paper, for if he does he will be reminded of it every week till that duty is discharged!—Brethren, *we* want some money!!

MISTAKE CORRECTED.

In the obituary notice of the death of Mrs. Gallager, wife of Rev James Gallager, of Newark, N. J., published in the Messenger Dec. 2d, the date of marriage *should be* Sept. 22d, 1835, instead of 838, a correction of importance to the family. Will the "Trumpet" and "Star in the West" please copy the article corrected and oblige. J. G.

ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION OF REV. C. H. LEONARD.

On Wednesday evening the 6th inst., this brother was duly ordained and installed pastor of the First Universalist Society in Chelsea, Mass. In the afternoon an ecclesiastical council examined into the qualifications of Br. Leonard, and having satisfied itself respecting his theological and literary attainments, and his moral character, it was unanimously voted that the rite of ordination be conferred on him, and the request of the Society in Chelsea granted, in the installation of Br. Leonard as pastor thereof.

It is due to this esteemed brother to say that his examination was of the most satisfactory kind, both as respects his character as a man, and his attainments as a student of the Scriptures and those collateral sciences which are requisite to the successful religious teacher. He has for some time been a student of the Theological class at Clinton, N. Y., and enjoyed the instructions of that profound scholar and Theologian, Rev. T. J. Sawyer. It was gratifying, therefore, to the council to find that his preparations for the ministry were of that thorough kind which forms the basis of the useful and instructive preacher. The following is the order of exercises observed in the Ordaining and Installing services of the evening.

I. Voluntary.
II. Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. J. G. Forman.
III. Invocation, by Rev. Tobias Miller.
IV. Anthem.
V. Sermon, by Rev. M. Goodrich, of Haverhill, Mass.
VI. Hymn written for the occasion,

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

When Israel, smitten 'mid the waste
Which wide and burning round them lay,
Sank, worn with toil and parched with thirst,
With helpless moanings by the way,—
Oh! they had died in gloom and fear,
Had not their prophet-guide been near.

No shaded stream, whose gurgling wave
Alone could cool their burning tongue,
Met their glazed eye, or on their ear
Its low glad music sweetly flung,—
Though through their memory stole the while
The fair bright waters of the Nile.

"Smite thou the rock of Horeb!" Hark!
A voice far down the still air broke,—
The prophet-guide obeyed,—and lo!
Cool waters gushed beneath his stroke;
Full rushing streams swept down the plain,
And Israel drank and lived again.

So thou, 'mid life's wide sultry wastes,
When all around is parched and drear,
And fainting spirits sink to die,
A faithful guide, may'st thou be near
To smite the rock whose healing wave
The thirsting soul from death can save!

Go forth! an Israel waits for thee!
Be wakeful, watchful at thy post!
Guard well thy followers by the way,
Nor let the feeblest one be lost.
Be faithful,—and beneath thy rod
The wave shall gush whose fount is God!

VII. Ordaining and Installing prayer, by Rev. S. Streeter
VIII. Charge, by Rev. C. H. Fay.
IX. Fellowship, by Rev. J. G. Adams.
X. Address to the Society, by Rev. A. A. Miner.
XI. Prayer, by Rev. M. Goodrich.
XII. Anthem.
XIII. Benediction, by the Pastor.

Notwithstanding a very inclement and rainy evening, the hall in which the Society worship, was well filled, and the services were listened to with evident satisfaction by all present.

The sermon was of the highest order of merit, full of solid thought and truthful argument, expressed in the terse and vigorous manner so peculiar to the preacher. The text was from Acts xviii. 24. "And a certain Jew, named Apollos, born at Alexandria, an eloquent man, and mighty in the scriptures, came to Ephesus."

The subject of the discourse was, the qualifications of the Christian ministry, and the main proposition advocated by the preacher was that the Christian minister should be eloquent and skilled in the scriptures. I have not the time nor space to attempt even a brief sketch of the sermon, and if I had, I should be unwilling to do so, lest I should do the preacher injustice. I will therefore only say that the objects and aims of the Christian minister were shown to be the salvation and elevation of man. In order to be successful in accomplishing this object, true eloquence—the eloquence of truth, of knowledge, of learning, was shown to be necessary. The manner of attaining this was also pointed out, namely, by study, diligence, labor. The influence of a Society or people in forming the character of a preacher was likewise dwelt upon, and it was shown to be a necessary condition of an eloquent preacher that he should be free in the utterance of truth—that he should have a wide range of subjects—that he should reform iniquity, whether national or individual—that he should be faithful to God and his convictions of right.

The preacher closed with a tribute to the character and worth of the brother whose place the present pastor had been called to fill by the Society in Chelsea, and also commended the latter, from a personal acquaintance, to their kind regard, as worthy of their highest esteem and confidence.

The other services of the occasion, the ordaining and installing prayer, the charge, the right hand of fellowship, and the address to the Society, were performed in a manner such as might be expected from the well known reputation of the brethen to whom these parts were assigned—interesting and to the purpose.

J. G. F.

Boston, Dec. 7, 1848.

DEATH OF REV. T. BEEDE.

We learn from the "Gospel Banner" that Rev. Thomas Beede, died in Farmington Me., on the 30th ult., aged 77 years. Father Beede was formerly a Congregational preacher, much esteemed in New Hampshire. He was one of the Trustees of the N. H University, and once delivered the Election sermon before the Legislature of that State. He was always liberal in his views and feelings, and that liberality finally led to an honest embrace and avowal of Universalism. He had been a preacher in our denomination for quite a number of years past. But he has gone to his rest—leaving behind him the savor of a good name. He has several children living;—may God visit them and us all with those consolations which are neither few nor small.

Since the above was written, a friend from Farmington informs us that Father Beede died of lung fever, being sick but a few days; that he was buried on Sunday last, the Congregationalists kindly giving up their house for the occasion; and that Br. Bates of Turner, preached the sermon to a very large assemblage of citizens of all denominations.

INSTALLATION AT HOLLIS STREET.

On Wednesday evening Dec. 6, Rev. Thomas Starr King was installed as Pastor of the Hollis Street Society, Boston. The following was the order of the services:

Voluntary on the Organ, and Anthem by the Choir; I. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham; II. Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Dr. H. Ballou, 2d.; III. Original Hymn, by W. R. A.; IV. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Dewey; V. Original Hymn, by J. T. F.; VI. Prayer of Installation, by Rev. F. D. Huntington; VII. The fellowship of the Churches, by Rev. William R. Alger; VIII. Charge by Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol; IX. Original Hymn, by C. M. S.; X. Address to the Society, by Rev. Edwin H. Chapin; XI. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Parkman; XII. Anthem; XIII. Benediction by the Pastor.

If the prayers offered, the truths preached, the sympathies expressed, the counsels given, the mutual duties stated; in a word, if the general spirit and tone of this occasion shall have been heartily responded to (and we trust and believe they were) by both pastor and people, and shall mould their relations to each other and to the world, no higher blessing need be wished for the Society worshipping in Hollis Street.

Dr. Dewey took for his text, Eph. ii. 1,—"And you hath he quickened who were dead in treapasses and sins." The preacher's subject, was the condition of the world in sin and the means of its recovery to holiness.

We have not the leisure to write out our notes for this week's paper, nor may it be necessary. For we trust that a performance so valuable, so rich in the fruits of a large experience and in the views of a capacious mind, so clear in its perceptions of what a minister and Church ought to be, so comprehensive of the aims and so full of sympathy with the Spirit of Christ, will, with the Right Hand of Fellowship, and the noble Charge of Mr. Bartol, and the eloquent, catholic Address to the People by Mr. Chapin, be given to the public.—*Christian Register.*

CHAMPLAIN ASSOCIATION.

This body met according to previous adjournment, at Bakersfield, Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1848.

The council was called to order by the Moderator of the last meeting, and organized by choosing Br. J. Gregory, *Moderator*, and D. Chapin, *Clerk*.

Credentials from the following named delegates were received: Brs. S. Potter, C. Barnes, A. Brigham, and C. C. Stone, *Bakersfield;* N. Richardson, E. H. Blodgett and J. M. Thompson, *Jericho;* Wm. Tracy, *Hinesburgh;* N. Foster, *Fairfield;* F. Davis, *St. Albans.*

Chose Brs. Browning, Haven and Wakefield Committee on Ordination. Chose Brs. Browning, E. B. Rounds, and Wm. Tracy, Committee of Discipline. Brs. Wakefield, Gregory and Chapin, committee to revise the Constitution, if it needs it. Appointed Br. D. Chapin, committee on Conferences, with power to designate the time and place of holding such meetings, on application of any of our Societies. Voted that we have four conferences this year. Chose the following brothers delegates to the Convention: H. A. Dixon, *Jericho;* S. J. Burgess, *St. Albans;* C. Barnes, *Bakersfield;* L. C. Hyde, *East Middlebury;* Wm Tracy, *Hinesburgh;* Hon. E. Bascom, *Shoreham.* Voted to adjourn to Richmond.

AGENT IN READING, PA.

Mr. Daniel Beyerle is duly authorized to act as agent for our paper in Reading. His receipt for money paid on account of the paper will be valid.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

YOUTHFUL DAYS.

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

Who can the joys of boyhood days forget?
Within our hearts their memory e'er is bright;
E'en till the sun of our brief life has set,
That memory o'er us sheds a soothing light,
And oft we wish we could again live o'er
Those brief, but halcyon, youthful days of yore.

'Tis oft we sigh those days were then so brief,
Though *then* we sighed they seemed so very long;
We even sometimes cried with very grief,
Longing for riper years—that in the *throng*
Of busy life, we might earth's wonders see,
And find sweet happiness in *liberty!*

How strange is life! In every stage deceiving;
E'en all our years are marked with discontent;
We live not for the present—but believing
The future brightest—and each year repent
That we have left so many joys behind,
Which *now* we vainly search to find.

Those boyhood days, so rapidly gone by,
Oh, after all, were happy days to me;
E'en for their joys my heart doth often sigh—
They're cherished in the book of Memory—
Our youthful days! happiest of all, and bright;
Yet even *these* had much of grief and night.

Eden Vale, Nov. 21, 1848.

INCIDENTS OF A DAY'S EXCURSION.

One day last summer I took my place in a Gravesend steamer, and found considerable amusement in watching the various characters. Two persons in particular attracted my notice; one was a middle-aged gentleman, stout, rather surly, taciturn who paid no attention to any living thing on board, except a huge Newfoundland dog, that was panting or lolling out his tongue, or roamed among the passengers, shoving them out of his way, frightening children by suddenly covering their faces with one lick of his great tongue, and convincing nervous ladies that he was going mad by the vigor with which he struck out his legs while rolling on his back upon the deck. His master eyed these pranks with a sly smile, and seemed quietly to enjoy the terror occasioned by the antics of his burly friend.

The other person whom I especially noticed, was a pretty and well dressed lady. Young lady, no doubt she would have been called, but that she had with her a little girl, about seven years old, who called her "mamma." She was evidently possessed of nerves. Indeed, she seemed to be possessed by them, and their name was legion. Endless were the petty annoyances to which they subjected her; infinite the dilemmas in which they involved her. But her keenest sufferings in this small way were caused by the unwieldy gambols of Lion, the large Newfoundland dog; and incessant and puerile exclamations of terror, indignation and spite against the good natured brute, kept up the sly malicious smile upon the lips of his apparently unnoticing master. The little girl, on the contrary, had, to the increased alarm of the weak mother, made friends with the monster, and for a long time amused herself with throwing bits of biscuit for him to catch, which feat, notwithstanding the incorrectness of her aim, he managed to accomplish by making a boisterous plunge to one side or the other; and when at last she timidly offered him a piece out of her hand, he acknowledged the compliment by licking her face and rubbing his side against her till he almost pushed her down. The little creature almost screamed with delight. Her mother screamed too, but in one of the small hysterical screams in which she was fond of indulging, and was followed by an outburst of anger at Lion's audacity.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "if that horrid creature should be mad he'll have killed my child! And how dirty he is, too! Look at your pelisse, Adeline; see what a state it is in! How dare you play with that dirty animal?"

This transition from hydrophobia to a soiled dress was too much for Lion's master, and he burst into a long loud, laugh.

"I wish, sir," said the lady, snappishly, "that you would call away that nasty dog, instead of setting him on to annoy everybody who is unaccustomed to have such dirty animals about them."

The gentleman said nothing, but bowed and walked forward; and I soon after saw him enjoying a cigar, while Lion played the agreeable in his own rough fashion to people who knew how to read the expression of his honest physiognomy.

Little Adeline, deprived of the attraction which had fixed her attention to the inside of the boat, began to see amusement in watching the foaming water as it rushed from the paddle-wheels, and danced its long lines behind them. She knelt on a shawl which a fellow-passenger had kindly lent as a cushion for her little knees, and leaned quietly over the side watching the roaring water; so her mother was for the time relieved from the thousand musquito-winged vexations which had hitherto beset her.

We were within a few miles of Gravesend. The tide was just at the full, and the broad expanse of the river lay around us in all its majesty; and to those who have never beheld the Hudson or the Mississippi, old Father Thames is majestic; ay, and if we place in the balance the historic, political and commercial importance of the transactions of which his broad breast is and has been the highway, our "time honored" river will not lose in dignity even when compared with those giant floods of the west.

Such thoughts as these, however, did not trouble Adeline's pretty little head, which began, I could see, to grow giddy with the continual whirl beneath her. A large sea weed that was dashed from the paddle-wheel caught her attention. It sank, then rose, turned round in a short eddy, and then darted out in the long wake that was left behind the steamer. She leaned forward to watch its progress; farther, farther still her little neck was stretched; she lost her balance, and toppled over into the roaring flood. In a moment all was confusion on board. Men were shouting for ropes and boats, to stop the steamer—cries of "a child over board!" "who can swim?" and a thousand other cries and questionings: but above all rose the poor mother's heart-rending shrieks, too painfully in earnest now; and she alone, in the fond instinctive devotion of maternal love, that even could she reach her child she could only sink with her, endeavored to leap into the water to save her.

Suddenly, Lion, followed closely by his master, came tearing along the deck, knocking the people right and left like ninepins. They sprang into the boat that hung at the stern, everybody giving way before the determined energy of both man and dog. Lion looked anxiously in his master's face, and uttered a short low bark.

"Wait," said the latter in reply; "where was she seen last?"

"There, sir," replied a sailor, promptly, "there, beside that piece of plank."

"How often has she risen?"

"Twice."

The gentleman drew a long breath, and said to his dog in a low tone, "look out!"

And Lion did look out, with wild flashing eyes, and limbs that trembled with anxiety. What a moment that was! Every one else was passive, every other attempt was laid aside, and all stood in mute expectation—those who were near enough watching the third rising of the poor child, and those who could not see the water keeping their eyes fixed upon Lion. In another instant a cry was raised, as a golden tressed head was seen to emerge from the water. The noble dog had seen her first, though, and ere the warning cry had reached his ears, he had dashed from the boat with wonderful rapidity, and was swimming towards the little sufferer, as though he knew that life and death depended on his efforts.

His master marked his progress anxiously. His face was pale as death, and it was only by rigidly compressing them that he could control the nervous quivering of his lips. "He has her!" he exclaimed, as Lion rose to the surface after a long dive, holding the little Adeline by the hair of her head in such a manner that her face was out of the water. "He has her and she is saved!" Down went the steps, and on them stood a couple of active sailors, encouraging the brave dog by shouts and gestures, and ready to receive his precious burthen when he should approach them. Slowly he came, wistfully eyeing the steps, and now and then looking up at his master, who was leaning over the side, and encouraging him with his well-known voice.

"Here you are!" cried one of the sailors, seizing the little girl. She was handed from one to another, and at last deposited in the arms of an active-looking gentleman whom everybody seemed instinctively to recognize as a surgeon, and by him carried below.

"Now, come up, there's a brave fellow!" said the sailor, retreating to make way for Lion to climb up the steps. But the poor creature whined piteously, and after one or two fruitless attempts to raise himself out of the water, he remained quite passive.

"Help him! help him!—he is exhausted!" cried his master, fighting his way through the crowd, to go to the rescue of his brave favorite. By the time, however, that he had reached the top of the ladder, the sailors had perceived the condition, of the dog, and with some difficulty, dragged him from the water. With their assistance, he crawled feebly up, then languidly licked his master's hand, and stretched himself on the deck.

It would be difficult to tell which received the most attention—the little girl, under the hands of the surgeon, and all the women, who had squeezed themselves into the cabin, under the firm conviction that they were exceedingly useful—or the noble dog, from the kind but rough attentions of the steamer's men under the superintendance of his master.

Both the invalids were convalescent, and Lion was sitting up, receiving, with quiet dignity, the caresses of his friends, when Adeline's mother came running up stairs, and, throwing herself upon her knees before him, and clasping him affectionately in her arms, laid her cheek upon his rough head, and wept.

"He's a dirty animal madam," said the gentleman, who could not forget her former slighting remarks. "He'll make your pelisse in such a state! Besides, he may be mad!"

She cast up her eyes with an expression of meek reproach. They were very fine eyes, and I think he felt it, for his features softened immediately.

"Oh! pray, pray, give him to me!" she began,

"Give Lion to you!" he repeated in derison. "Why, what would you do with him? I will tell you: You'd pet and pamper the poor beast till he was eaten up with disease, and as nervous a fine lady. No, no; you'd better give little Adeline to me. Lion and I could take much better care of her than you.

"Perhaps so, sir," she replied, with the gentle manner that had come over her since the accident; "but still I could not spare her. She is my only child, and I am a widow."

"I must go," muttered the gentleman to himself "Whew! a widow! Has not the immortal Weller assured us that one widow is equal to twenty five ordinary women? It's not safe—morally safe—to be in the same boat with her."

He walked away. But who may wrestle with fate? When the boat returned to London Bridge, I saw him carrying Adeline ashore, with the pretty widow leaning on his arm. They had a long conversation all the way home, and when he had put them into a cab they had another chat through the window terminating with a promise, on his part, to "*come early*." What could all this mean? He looked after the cab till it was out of sight.

"I think she's got rid of her nerves," he observed to himself. "What a charming creature she is without them!"

From the Williamsburgh Advocate.

ORPHAN CHILDREN.

Mr. Editor:—The municipal authority of New York, have, in their wisdom, provided for the destitute and orphan children of the city a commondious place for their comfort, with nurses and teachers, on Randall's Island, all of which is laudable and proper. They cheerfully comply with the law of the State to bind the male until they arrive at the age of twenty-one years to such persons as they may think suitable to take charge of them; and the females, until they arrive at the age of eighteen years. This disposition of them lessens the expenses of the city.

I propose to dispose of them differently and would solicit the

attention of the respective counties of the State to the same, viz:—That all pauper children irrespectively fall under the guardianship of the State and that the State Legislature pass a law to send out suitable agents to our western territories, and purchase or take up a tract of new land, in a suitable location, of sufficient extent to keep in employ all the poor children of the State. There should be suitable buildings erected to receive them; they should there receive sufficient education for ordinary farmers and mechanics; should be brought up to farming or mechanism, as their choice may be, by and with the advice of those under whose care they are. In this community they should remain until they are of age.

As a further provision for them, proper persons should be sent to take government land; for each male eighty acres, for each female forty acres, if they should choose to marry and settle upon it. There should be provided for them as much stock as is necessary for a beginning, together with farming utensils, and as much household furniture as may be needed. The land should be bought at government price; the stock, farming utensils, and household furniture, at a reasonable price; the land to be paid for in twenty-one years, and all the rest in fifteen years, or as much sooner as they can. Those brought up mechanics, should have forty acres only, on the same terms as those who are denominated farmers, and be provided with necessary tools for their trades, on the same terms as the farmers. No distinction to be made between the mechanics and farmers wives as to land.

With this arrangement, I doubt its making any additional tax for the support of the poor; and even if it should prove to be so at the first, I am persuaded it would be economy eventually. It would inspire the children, by thus elevating them with; emulation they would become useful citizens, a great acquisition to our country, and probably would be called to fill high and honorable positions in the republic.

On the other hand, in the way they are now disposed of, as early as they become capable of discriminating, they find they are degraded *for the bare crime of having no parents or any one to take care of them in their infancy.* Their minds not being enlightened by education; their hopes not being elevated to a level with their fellow-men, they sink in vulgarity and crime, until they become, in many cases convicts in our prisons, sunk in hopeless degradation, a curse to themselves and a tax on the world, until removed by death.

I think this view of the subject clearly shows a provision for our orphan and destitute children, which our country has abundant means to accomplish, and which promises a great and happy result. JACOB TOWNSEND.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

THE IDLE SCHOOL-BOY'S COMPLAINT.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

How many weary hours have I
Been doomed to add and multiply?
My aching brains now vainly strive
To tell why three times three are *five;*

Why nine and five make but *eleven,*
And four times six are *twenty-seven;*
Why three from two leaves only *four,*
And forty thousand problems more!

Oh, how long to be away
Amid the grass and flowers at play,
To hear the language of the birds,
Far sweeter than my teacher's words.

Or sit me in some shady nook,
And listen to the purling brook,
Whose waters, dancing at my feet,
Are making music soft and sweet.

I know full well this may not be,
Such joy is not in store for me,
But when I get to be a man
I shall not fear this hateful ban!

Meanwhile, throughout my sad career,
With naught my weary heart to cheer,
Shall I be doomed to trudge along
And sing this very doleful song!

From the Hartford Times.

THE THANKSGIVING PRESENTS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted Hal Merton, as he rushed in from school, his cheeks glowing with exercise and his fine eyes sparkling with anticipated joy.

"The Governor's proclamation is out—I read it in Sam Hayward's paper—four weeks from to-day and we'll have Thanksgiving. Hurrah for roast turkey, pumpkin pie and plum pudding," and swinging his old cap, he threw it to the ceiling, catching it with his right foot and tossing it again in a game that was merriment to him, but death to the good looks of the only head gear he was worth. In the midst of his glee, and while his laugh rang loudest, his eyes fell upon the pale and sad face of his fatigued mother, who was bending over the ironing table, beside which she had stood from early dawn. Tears were streaming down her lean cheeks and she was struggling to suppress the deep sighs that ached for utterance. Confused, the boy ceased abruptly, and, turning aside, buried his face in his hands, a crushing sense of parental degradation weighing heavily on his young bosom.

In a few moments Mrs. Merton finished folding the clothes she was engaged with, and, taking down her hood and shawl, went out. As soon as she was gone, Mary, the eldest child, a pensive girl of fifteen, put down the babe she had been tending, and, wiping her eyes, went to her brother, and throwing her arms around his neck, kissed him tenderly. He returned her caress, and then choking down his feeling, exclaimed, "poor, poor mother; how thoughtless I was to speak so joyfully of Thanksgiving; but I had been out at play with the boys, and they were all talking of it, and I got excited and forgot myself. No, no there can be no thanksgiving for the drunkard's family. Were there ever children so wretched as we?"

"Hush, Hal; don't talk so," said Mary, in a sweet, plaintive tone; "we have much to be thankful for. Think what a good mother we have; father was kind and good once; indeed he is now when—" She paused; her keen filial feelings would not permit her to finish the sentence, so full of misery to her lacerated heart.

There was silence for some moments. Hal finally broke out in a passionate voice, "Father ought to be ashamed of himself for drinking as he does. A man so well educated, and who can support his family so comfortable, to make such a beast of himself, and allow his wife and children to suffer so! It is too bad. I am out of patience with him."

The hand of his sister was placed upon his lips. "My brother is angry; he forgets of whom he is talking."

"No, I didn't forget it Mary," said the boy in a still more vehement tone; "but father or no father, it is a shame for him to conduct so. Just think of mother, weak and sick as she is, wearing her life out when there is no need of it, and receiving curses for her reward! Mary, though he is my father, my blood boils sometimes when I hear him speak to mother so rudely. I sometimes wish he bore no relation to me, that I might knock him down for it, and the boy's hands were clenched convulsively.

"Hal," said Mary in a soothing voice, "for all mother suffers so much, she never complains; she bears her sorrows like a saint. Her heart is breaking with father's ways, yet she prays all the time for him. Did you ever pray for him?"

"No. I am always so mad when I think that I have got such a drunken father that I feel more like cursing than praying. Oh, Mary, it is awful to be called the brat of a drunken rascal, as I am sometimes when the boys want to spite me."

"And yet, Hal, that is nothing to what mother endures; and think you that she ever feels like cursing him?"

Hal spake not for some minutes; then he answered frankly, "yes, Mary, I was angry; but how can I help it? To know that we might be happy and comfortable, and yet, are so unhappy and miserable, just that father may gratify his selfish palate! How happy we used to be! Do you remember, Mary, the week before Thanksgiving, what merry times we used to have? What sights of pies and cakes mother used to bake and what a grand dinner we had; but now, now we are not sure of a dry crust. Oh, if I could only do something for father. He'll kill himself soon if he goes on so, and then mother 'll die, and we'll be all alone. What can I do?"

"Pray like sister Mary," said the sweet voice of little Ellen, a child of seven years. "She taught me a little prayer to say every night and morning for poor father, and I know he won't be bad much longer. Let me say it for you;" and she fell on her knees and folding her hands, breathed a childish

petition to God, that her father might be made a good man.

Tears were in the boy's eyes when she said amen, and better feelings were borne within his bosom. He sat silent for sometime when he said to Mary:

"Do you suppose, if I should go out and try to work, I could earn enough in four weeks to buy a thanksgiving dinner? It would make mother so happy; for you know last year how bad she felt that she had nothing for us, and how father scolded about it when it wasn't her fault. How much do you suppose a turkey would cost?"

"A dollar, at least. They are always high at that time, you know."

"A dollar! I don't believe I can earn a dollar, but I'll try," and his young eyes brightened; "yes, I'll try; but don't say a word to mother about it. If I do get it, I want it should be a surprise."

The promise given, he ran off full of his project. An hour afterwards he returned and gave his sister two cents. "It's only a little," said he, "but it's a beginning; ninety-eight more and we'll have the turkey."

Carefully was the copper treasure hid away, and with a light heart the boy bounded about doing his evening chores. The frugal supper was prepared and eaten. The little ones were undressed and put to bed, and Mrs. Merton and Mary drew up close to the feeble light of a cheap candle and plied their needles, while Hal sat on a stool by the little fire, dreaming of those ninety-eight cents yet to be earned. When the clock struck nine, their mother advised both to retire. Hal obeyed instantly, for he had been yearning to get up stairs and take a peep at the precious two cents. But Mary, though her arms ached, for being one of her mother's busy days, she had done all the housework beside tending the baby, pleaded to stay up and finish the shirt she was making; and for a full hour later she sewed, till the last button hole was made and last button on, when with a satisfied look she rolled it up, saying in her pleasant voice, "there is twenty-five cents earned, mother." The work on that shirt and the words of that poor girl—what a commentary on cheap furnishing stores! As the time wore on, after Mary had left her, and the hand of the clock pointed toward eleven, Mrs. Merton became very restless. She would every few minutes drop her work and turn her face to the door in the attitude of listening. At length a footstep was heard upon the pavement a familiar one. She waited a moment then exclaiming in a tone of thankfulness, "he is sober," she threw on an additional piece of wood and stirred the fire till it blazed a pleasant welcome for the late returning husband. He entered and addressed her kindly. It was the first time he had done so for weeks; and the warm tears rushed to her eyes; her heart beat almost to suffocation. Habitual self-schooling assisted her in controlling her feelings, and she answered calmly and pleasantly. A half hour's conversation followed, when after preparing him a cup of tea and a piece of toast, they retired. On the face of the wife, who, weary with the severe labor of her toilsome lot, soon fell asleep, was an expression more pleasant than had rested there for many a month. A few kind words from a sober husband, had revived the faint hopes slumbering in her bosom, and the dream-child, with rose colored pinions, hovered sweetly above her pillow.

But her companion tossed in vain attempts to woo sleep, until the early dawn was lighting up the East. Unhappy man! The curse of strong drink was upon him. His home once as near a Paradise as earthly homes can be, had been by his own hands transformed into a hell. Sixteen years before, he had been wedded to the beautiful Mary Osborne. The pet bird of a lovely flock, he had taken her from the home cage, to sing for himself alone. A calm and happy life was theirs during twelve years. Children gathered around their fireside, adding golden links to the bright chain love had woven about their hearts. But, the tempter came, and slowly, insiduously, yet surely did his fell work. For two years the change in Mr. Merton's habits was perceptible to every one but his wife She knew it—felt it with a pang that almost sent the thrill of despair through her aching heart. Sad, sad is that time, when that wife first learns to douht the dear one, in whom she has been wont to place implicit confidence. Earth had not another trial so severe. It is the awful travail of the soul by which is borne sorrow so terrible as to be worse than madness. Dreadful was the ordeal through which Mrs. Merton passed. At times it seemd to her the life-strings would snap asunder, as though she could cut them with her own hand. But nobly and well did she struggle with herself, and her fate. She looked into the faces of her little ones, listened to the wail of the babe on her breast, and determined to live for them.

The last two years of her life had been a constant succession of miseries. No longer could her husband's conduct be concealed from the world; and at home his usually kind manner had changed to a moroseness that was fatal to every latent hope of happiness. Want, too was added to their discomforts. He was a mechanic and could always command the highest wages. So excellent was his work, despite his habits, every sober day found him with plenty of opportunities to labor and be well paid. But his earnings were nearly all consumed by the raging thirst within him, so that upon his wife devolved nearly the entire support of the family. But she labored cheerfully, and never was the shade of discontent upon her brow. As Mary had said, she bore all like a saint. Until the last nine months, she had been able, by severe exertions, to to keep her family from feeling the keen wants of nature.—But their destitution at the birth of her last child, had obliged her to leave her bed and seek employment, long ere her exhausted physical constitution had regained its strength, and an illness succeeded so severe as almost to carry her into the arms of death. Without a murmur would she have gone, had not the little suffering family looked into her eyes so pleasantly. For them she prayed to live, and her petition granted, after many weeks she rose from her couch to take up again the heavy cross of providing for the necessities of six children, besides bearing all the additional evils that fall to the lot of the drunkard's wife.

Upon Mary seemed to rest all the virtues of both parents.—She was a noble girl, and though young in years, had the judgment of maturity. Without her life seemed insupportable to her mother. The whole charge of the family was cheerfully taken by the young daughter, and every leisure moment, beside many stolen from needed rest, were given to the needle, to assist in providing food and clothing. For many weeks the father had contributed not a shilling to their support, and destitute indeed was their condition on that last day of October, just four weeks before the appointed Thanksgiving.

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Very early on the following day, Mary was up, though it was a cold dreary morning. So low was their fuel that she did all the necessary cleaning about the single room they occupied in the day, and even sewed for some time before she kindled the fire. Then lighting one and preparing their scanty meal!—scanty indeed—roasted potatoes and salt for the children, and weak tea and butterless toast for the parents, she proceeded to awaken and dress the younger children, all the while going on tip toe lest she should disturb her mother, who to her great joy slept much later than usual. When all was ready, she summoned her parents and rejoiced to find her father in a gentle mood.

When breakfast had been finished, Mrs. Merton took her sewing out and sat down by the window. Little Ellen fondled the babe, while Mary washed and put away the dishes. Mr. Merton drew up by the fire and sat for some time with his face buried in his hands. At length, rising, he went up stairs, and bringing down an old vase, placed it upon the table; then opening the bureau drawer, he began taking out some of his clothes and packing them. Mary looked on with a troubled gaze, while Mrs. Merton's heart sank within her. Again did her hopes faint; so crushed was she by the transition that for sometime she had not power to move. But the turning of the key in the valise aroused her numbed faculties, and springing up she placed her hands in her husband's and with tearful eyes and quivering lips, asked where he was going.

"About thirty miles from here, to work," was the answer.

Well might the poor wife tremble. Once before he had packed that valise and gone away to work, and fresh was the remembrance of the beastly condition in which he was brought home to her. She fell on her knees before him and besought him not to go. She would work, would do all—every thing if he would but stay with them. He did not kick her from him, as he had done at times before when she had there kneeled; but raising her from the floor and seating her, he said in a firm voice, "I must go, Mary." Without another word he opened the door. Ellen ran after him quite into the street, to ask how long he would stay. "I will try and be at home by thanksgiving," was the answer, and hurrying his steps he was soon out of sight. The shock was so severe to Mrs. Merton, she was forced to lay aside her work and recline upon the bed for many hours. Not until night did her physical frame recover strength enough to permit her to resume her sewing, and then it was with such a tremulous hand as told too well with what agony the nerves were quivering. Hal's was the only smiling face that evening. But he had that day received a bright dime from a gener-

ous traveller, and the thought that one-eighth of the precious money for the purchase of the turkey was earned, could not but cause a few pulsations of joy to beat in his young bosom.

Slowly and sadly wore off the days that intervened between Mr. Merton's departure and thanksgiving. Many were the privations to which his family were subjected. The weather was severe for the season, and so much of the mother's earnings were required to purchase fuel, as to leave only a very little for food. The coarsest kind only was procured; and sometimes one meal a day was all their scant larder would allow. Still no murmurs were heard, but the voice of praise and prayer went up oftener from that humble house, than from many a mansion that want has never frowned upon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Lyon is giving a course of Lectures in illustrating and defence o Universalism, in the church, corner of South Third and Fourth-st. Williamsburgh. Subject next Sabbath evening, The nature of man—is he totally depraved?

CONFERENCE

A Conference of the Chenango Association of Universalists, will be held in Triangle, (Upper Lisle,) Broome county, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th and 21st of December. During the meeting ordination will be conferred on Br. B. S. Hobbs, formerly of the Christian denomination, but now pastor of the Universalist Church in that place. Sermon by Br J. T. Goodrich. A cordial invitation is extended to ministering and lay brethren generally, and all of every faith and of no faith to attend. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good" Strangers in Upper Lisle intending to be present at the Conference, and arriving Tuesday evening, or before religious services Wednesday morning, can find a committee in attendance at the church, who will receive them with a hearty welcome, and direct them to pleasant and agreeable places of entertainment.

November 25th, 1848.

PUBLIC MEETING.

The Universalist Union Teachers' Society will hold a public meeting in the Lecture Room of the Bleecker-street Church, on Monday evening next, Dec. 18th, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Br. Balch is expected to address the meeting upon the condition of the Sabbath School cause in Europe. The following question has been selected for discussion—Should Universalists teach their peculiar doctrines in the Sabbath School?"

Affirmative—Br. J. V. Moore.

Negative—Br. S. D. Macdonald.

The friends of the Sunday School are respectfully invited to attend.

S. H. VREELAND MOORE, Recording Secretary.

INSTALLATION AT ALBANY.

Br. Waggoner will be installed as pastor of the Universalist Society at Albany on Wednesday evening, Dec. 20th. Sermon by Br. Balch, of New York.

Ministering brethren, particularly those belonging to the Hudson River Association, are affectionately invited to be present.

LECTURES IN THE BLEECKER-STREET CHURCH.

A course of Lectures on the social, moral, and religious condition o some of the Nations of Europe, will be commenced in the above church, corner of Bleecker and Downing-street, nexts Sunday (to morrow) evening. Services commence at 7 o'clock.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Tompkins, stop Universalist Quarterly sent to Wm. Savery, Jersey City, N. J. and send bill to this office for collection.

J. M. Usher, please credit D. R. Martin, of this city fifty cents, for "Gospel Guide," and charge this office.

Brs. Mudge and Corliss, send W. L. Martin's bill to this office for collection.

MARRIAGES.

In Hartford, Conn. November 30th, by the Rev. H. B. Soule, Mr. Lewis Clark, of Otis, Mass., and Miss Elizabeth Clark, of Tolland, Conn.

By Rev. O. A. Skinner, Dec. 10th, Mr. Charles C. Ryder of Roxbury, Mass., to Miss Jane A. Monroe, of Boston.

DEATHS.

On the 4th inst. Oscar, the youngest son of Catharine and Peter D. Hibbets, aged 1 year, 6 months and 14 days.

In Paris, on the 20th September last, Rev. Geo. Le Fevre, father of Br. C. F. Le Fevre of Milwaukee, aged 77 years. The deceased was a clergyman of the Church of England, and had acted in his official capacity for the last 25 years, in the church of the British Embassy in Paris.

NEW YORK UNIVERSALIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The above named Society will hold a public meeting in the Vestry of the Bleecker-street Church, next Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock The clergymen in the city and vicinity will be present and address the meeting. An interesting meeting is expected.

HENRY LYON, Secretary.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME OF THE

NEW YORK

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

TO BE EDITED BY

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley.

A new volume of this paper will be commenced on the 11th of November. It will be published as heretofore, on a super royal sheet, in folio form. The paper will be of good quality, strong and white, and the mechanical execution will be equal to that of any other denominational paper.

It will be devoted to the defence and illustration of Universalism; Morality, Literature, and Science; to questions of Reform and Progress, and General Intelligence. It will contain Sermons, Essays, Scripture Expositions, Reviews of Books, interesting Moral Stories, Juvenile Pieces, Denominational and General News.

Besides the productions of the Editors, it will contain articles from our best writers. Regular Correspondents, in different parts of the country, have been engaged to furnish the earliest information touching the interests of our cause.

New-York is the Commercial Emporium of the Union, and it affords peculiar facilities for the publication of a Universalist paper; and we hope to make ours worthy of an extensive patronage. If past experience and untiring perseverance will enable us to do so, our friends may depend on receiving one equal to any in the Denomination.

We respectfully ask the aid and co-operation of all our present patrons and all who wish well to our success, promising, on our part, to do every thing in our power to render the Messenger an acceptable and useful paper.

TERMS.

The MESSENGER will be Published every Saturday, at TWO DOLLARS a year, payable in advance; to which *Fifty Cents* will be added if not paid within Six months from the time of subscribing.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO.

Messenger Office, 140 *Fulton-street, N. Y.*, Oct. 30, 1848.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR,

Is published weekly, in octavo form, and contains all the important reading of the Messenger. It is printed on good paper, well pressed, and neatly folded. It will make a handsome volume, at the end of the year, of *eight hundred and thirty-two* large octavo pages, filled with interesting and profitable reading, worthy of preservation. This is the only weekly journal in the denomination whose form makes it convenient for the library. It is furnished to single subscribers at $2 50. Persons sending $12 00 shall receive six copies, and $24.00 thirteen copies.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	$5 25a5 62	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	9 75a10 25
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 28	" Prime, "	$5 75a6 25
" Western, "	1 06a1 15	Lard, per lb.,	7a 8
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	2 75a300	Cheese, "	6 1-2a7 1-4
Corn, round, per bush.,	70a71	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	20a22
" mixed, "	65a67	" Western "	16a20
" New Orleans, "	58a62	" Ohio Common,	10a12
Rye, "	62	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	24
Oats, "	34a36	" L'pool grnd, sack,	1 05a1 10
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	12 25a$50	" " fine, "	1 25a1 35
" Prime, "	900a9 50	Wool, pulled and fleece,	23 a 36

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	43a50	Timothy Seed, tierce,	15a17
Hops, per lb.,	9a10 1-2	Clover " per lb.,	6a
Feathers, live American,	30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per bushel,	1 20a1 25
Flax, per lb.,	9		

New-York Cattle Market....Monday, Dec. 11.

At market 950 Beef Cattle, 50 Cows and Calves, and 2,300 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE—There has been a good deal of animation in the market the past week; and quite a change has occurred, both as regards supply and prices. Cattle are very scarce, only 910 head fresh having arrived since our last. Sales, in some instances as high as $8 per cwt and ranging from that down to $5 51. About 110 left over.

COWS AND CALVES—Sales at from $25 to $35a 47 50 according to quality and condition.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prices of 1 25 2 75 a 5; Lambs 1 to 2 75.

HAY—62a75 cts. per cwt. STRAW—2,31a2,50 per hundeed bdls.